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'The translator, in his view, must not rest until he had transferred every *nuance* of his author's meaning, emotional as well as logical, into the idiom of another language—an idiom which must be rich, flexible, dignified, and above all, contemporary. The finished version would necessarily be "free", but with a freedom which must be based, as he expressed it, on a rigorous "pre-servitude", and must be justified by the achievement of a closer fidelity to the spirit of the original than any literal rendering could hope to attain.'

From the Foreword by Professor E. R. DODDS to the translation of the
Enneads of Plotinus by STEPHEN MACKENNA.



TRANSLATING THE NEW TESTAMENT

It is clear that the translators of the New English Bible, the New Testament of which was published on 14 March, subscribe to the philosophy of translation so well expressed in the quotation above. The origin and progress of the enterprise have been described by Professor C. H. Dodd, the General Director of the work, in the last number of *The Periodical*, and elsewhere. An authoritative expression of the translators' aims can now be read in the Introduction. In contrast with the Revised Version—and, it may be added, the Revised Standard Version made by an American Committee—the New English Bible was designed to be

not another revision of the Authorized Version but a genuinely new translation, in which an attempt should be made consistently to use the idiom of contemporary English to convey the meaning of the Greek. . . . This meant a different theory and practice of translation, and one which laid a heavier burden on the translators. Fidelity in translation was not to mean keeping the general framework of the original intact while replacing Greek words by English words more or less equivalent. . . . The translator can hardly hope to convey in another language every shade of meaning that attaches to the word in the original, but if he is free to exploit a wide range of English words covering a similar area of meaning and association

THE NEW
ENGLISH
BIBLE



New Testament

The New
English Bible



New Testament

he may hope to carry over the meaning of the sentence as a whole. . . . We have conceived our task to be that of understanding the original as precisely as we could (using all available aids) and then saying again in our own native idiom what we believed the author to be saying in his.

Perhaps the two philosophies of translation can be exemplified in a brief extract, the opening of the second chapter of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians. The Authorized Version is not very far from 'keeping the general framework of the original intact while replacing Greek words by English . . .':

1. For yourselves, brethren, know our entrance in unto you, that it was not in vain:

2. But even after that we had suffered before, and were shamefully entreated, as ye know, at Philippi, we were bold in our God to speak unto you the gospel of God with much contention.

3. For our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile . . .

The *N.E.B.* rendering is:

You know for yourselves, brothers, that our visit to you was not fruitless. Far from it; after all the injury and outrage which to your knowledge we had suffered at Philippi, we declared the gospel of God to you frankly and fearlessly, by the help of our God. A hard struggle it was. Indeed the appeal we make never springs from error or base motive; there is no attempt to deceive; . . .

It is not claimed that the *N.E.B.* is the first modern translation to render St. Paul in continuous contemporary style; but all other modern translators have had the freedom of a single individual exercising his personal judgement; the *N.E.B.* translators, like the Revisers of the 1880s, stood in the tradition of corporate translation backed by ecclesiastical bodies; but they have decisively broken away from the methods of their predecessors.

There are, of course, other passages, of higher literary quality and doctrinal significance, which are a severer test of any translator's mettle; these are often passages where the Authorized Version—even today when for many people it seems hopelessly remote—is known and loved by a great many potential readers of the *N.E.B.*; some of these may feel that in the greatest and simplest sentences the well-known wording cannot be bettered. Why then depart from it? The answer is that anything smacking of a patchwork effect would have been fatal to the new translation as a piece of English. The 'rigorous pre-servitude' (as Mackenna put it) on which the translators' freedom is based is owed to the meaning of the original, as this body of scholars, using all available aids and the best of



THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON THE NEW TRANSLATION IN SESSION IN THE

their judgement, understood it, and not to any hallowed tradition or classic of English literature. At the same time, it is neither possible nor desirable to try to create new English phrases for many fundamental elements of New Testament thought such as 'the kingdom of heaven', or to avoid using, for example, the verb 'to bless' and its derivatives. Here is the *N.E.B.* in one of the beloved passages:

How blest are those who know that they are poor;
 the kingdom of Heaven is theirs.
 How blest are the sorrowful;
 they shall find consolation.
 How blest are those of a gentle spirit;
 they shall have the earth for their possession.
 How blest are those who hunger and thirst to see right prevail;
 they shall be satisfied. . . .

Every word of a passage like this was the result of prolonged and detailed consideration, and many alternatives were tried and rejected. For example 'blessed' would inevitably have been pronounced as two syllables, with all the traditional associations of 'blessèd' in religious usage; it would have lacked the freshness here required. But 'happy' or 'fortunate', or any other translation of the Greek word which might be suggested, would have lacked something essential in depth of meaning. 'Blest' was felt to be still alive in poetry, at least, and was selected as the best available translation in this context. It by no means follows that it would be right elsewhere for the same Greek.

The discourses of Christ in the later chapters of St. John's Gospel have a solemnity of their own and a special place in the devotion of many Christians. No translation would be adequate which seemed to have robbed them of their numinous quality, and of their inherent mystery. But it may be suspected that some of the mystery which hangs about them in the older versions is not in the original. John 16. 7-11 in the Authorized Version may be compared with this *N.E.B.* rendering:

Nevertheless I tell you the truth: it is for your good that I am leaving you. If I do not go, your Advocate will not come, whereas if I go, I will send him to you. When he comes, he will confute the world, and show where wrong and right and judgement lie. He will convict them of wrong, by their refusal to believe in me; he will convince them that right is on my side, by showing that I go to the Father when I pass from your sight; and he will convince them of divine judgement, by showing that the Prince of this world stands condemned.

The translators would be the last to claim that their work is perfect, for 'Only those' (as the Introduction points out) 'who have meditated long

upon the Greek original are aware of the richness and subtlety of meaning that may lie even within the most apparently simple sentence, or know the despair that attends all efforts to bring it out through the medium of a different language.' Nor does any translation necessarily remove all difficulties to the understanding of a work of literature. Difficult as it may be to draw it precisely, there is a line between those obscurities which translation can remove and those which must be left to the commentator, and the present translators have constantly been aware of it. But within the important field that is theirs they are justified in hoping (in the words of the Introduction) 'that we have been able to convey to our readers something at least of what the New Testament has said to us during these years of work, and trust that under the providence of Almighty God this translation may open the truth of the scriptures to many who have been hindered in their approach to it by barriers of language'.

G. N. S. H.



SINCE January 1960, when the completed manuscript of the New Testament arrived, the two printing houses of the University Presses have been constantly busy with the preparation of the two editions. Oxford, because of its recently installed high-speed rotary press, were responsible for the Popular Edition. The production was treated as 'routine', but this routine involved printing 600,000 copies of a new book from new plates on a new machine, and it meant a two-shift system of work for the operators.

Printing orders at the beginning of 1960 for the New Testament were: 250,000 Popular, 50,000 Library, 50,000 America (where a separate edition is being published). But it was soon evident that these were going to be insufficient. Some idea of the initial response to the undertaking can be gauged from the fact that the figures now read, as *The Periodical* goes to press: 600,000 Popular, 200,000 Library, 250,000 America. It is not often that we prepare over a million books for publication on the same day.

THE FIRST LETTER OF JOHN

Recall to Fundamentals

1 **I**T WAS THERE from the beginning; we have heard it; we
have seen it with our own eyes; we looked upon it, and felt it
2 with our own hands; and it is of this we tell. Our theme is the
word of life. This life was made visible; we have seen it and bear
3 our testimony; we here declare to you the eternal life which dwelt
with the Father and was made visible to us. What we have seen and
heard we declare to you, so that you and we together may share in
4 a common life, that life which we share with the Father and his Son
Jesus Christ. And we write this in order that the joy of us all may be
complete.

5 Here is the message we heard from him and pass on to you:
6 that God is light, and in him there is no darkness at all. If we claim
to be sharing in his life while we walk in the dark, our words and
7 our lives are a lie; but if we walk in the light as he himself is in the
light, then we share together a common life, and we are being cleansed
from every sin by the blood of Jesus his Son.

8 If we claim to be sinless, we are self-deceived and strangers to the
9 truth. If we confess our sins, he is just, and may be trusted to for-
10 give our sins and cleanse us from every kind of wrong; but if we say
we have committed no sin, we make him out to be a liar, and then his
word has no place in us.

2 My children, in writing thus to you my purpose is that you should
not commit sin. But should anyone commit a sin, we have one to
plead our cause^a with the Father, Jesus Christ, and he is just.
3 He is himself the remedy for the defilement of our sins, not our sins
only but the sins of all the world.

3 Here is the test by which we can make sure that we know him:
4 do we keep his commands? The man who says, 'I know him', while
he disobeys his commands, is a liar and a stranger to the truth;

[a] Literally we have an advocate...

ISLAND OF BIRDS

[Sir Robert Scott, author of a new and authoritative book on Limuria, the lesser dependencies of Mauritius, a group of tiny islands in the Indian Ocean, was Governor of Mauritius and the islands until 1959. His book provides the first detailed history of the islands, tracing their discovery and development and continued change of masters; and gives at the same time an absorbing picture of Limuria today. The quality of the work is well shown in the passage that follows.]

'... RAPHAEL was soon astern and the cross-currents boiled white at the entrance to the lagoon. In a series of rapid turns, the pirogue was insinuated between the yellow coral masses strewing the pass. The colour of the water changed from ultramarine to a clear, hard green; the sail was brought down with a clatter; and the boatmen took to their poles. The near shore was lined by coral slabs in horizontal formation: at that stage of the tide it would have been impossible to land there. (When the tide was higher, it was possible to step from shore to pirogue as from a jetty.) Following the channel towards the green and silver expanse of the lagoon, backed in the distance by the low shores of Puits-à-Eau Island, with innumerable black shapes of sea-birds spiralling above it, we approached the broad, golden beach of Poulailler Island. Thirty yards beyond the gentle ripple of the sea was a thicket of *veloutiers* (*Tournefortia argentea*), myrtle green, extending along the shore line and blocking all view of what might lie beyond. The pirogue was poled slowly towards the beach until it came to a jarring, crunching stop about ten yards from dry sand. In the sky, clouds of sea-birds, noddies and wideawakes, were flashing and crying. We waded to the beach.

'Up beyond reach of the wavelets and between the scatter of dry, bleached seaweeds and the *veloutier* thicket was an undulating, squeaking, dark margin. As it was approached, this line disintegrated, reformed and swayed backwards and forwards, as a changing formation of myriads of sea-bird chicks, ranging in size from black, fluffy balls through larger specimens mottled with grey up to birds that were nearly feathered, advanced and retreated and milled around. They were certainly not panic-stricken, but merely greatly confused, by the arrival among them of a party of humans. They ran down towards the sea in bunches; up again in piping protest and back into line formation; they broke again and ran in little companies parallel to the thickets, counter-marching, scuttling in agitation through other groups, drawing back at times before oncoming knots of their own kith and kin. When, walking very carefully, we had passed through the manœuvring crowd, the chicks gathered again to sea-

ward and on either flank, squeaking and mewling. Above, their putative parents wheeled and dipped, clamorous and vaguely threatening in their tips and spins, but not, apparently, very frightened. The thickets were full of birds, adults and young. Common noddies (*Anous stolidus*) in their thousands occupied the ground in the shade of the thickets. Beneath every bush, countless eggs, buff with sepia markings, lay in little hollows between birds which continued to sit, even when nearly approached. . . . There were thousands of those nurseries and a dozen nests in each bush. The thicket was about thirty paces across and almost continuous round the island. The new bird life emerging from this great hatchery was considerable in comparison with the immense productiveness and the destruction in the centre of the island.

'This is a flattened, ovaloid dome, a tonsured area within the thick fringe of *veloutiers* round the shore. It has a yellowish-grey sandy soil, for the most part fragmented coral, with sparse clumps of low, wiry grass and a few isolated bushes, twisted and stunted. It is pervaded by a very powerful smell—like that of a mouse-house, intensified—the smell of the newly rotting excreta. . . . The whole area within the seaward fringe is stridently alive, as is the air above it. Clouds of sea-birds—noddies of both varieties, sooty terns (*Sterna fuscata*), love terns, frigate birds (*Fregetta minos* and *magnificens*), and a sprinkling of roseate terns (*S. dougalli*)—wheeled and spiralled from ground level to a considerable height and through this ever-changing mass individuals constantly dived, homing or on the lookout for prey. It would have been impossible to swing an ordinary walking-stick without striking numbers and, indeed, it was by the cudgel that countless breeding birds used to be slaughtered by the fishermen. As it was, the birds sometimes swept so close in their swift dives that it was necessary to duck to avoid them. The only safe way to advance was with careful, mincing steps. Every dimple in the sandy ground held an egg or chick from which the parent bird (if sitting, but in the majority of cases was not) was very loath to move. The older chicks and large numbers of parent birds wandered or sprawled slowly about the serpentine passages which were clear of eggs or nestlings. Eggs stirred before the eye, chipped and fell around the emergent fluffy infant. The earth trembled round a sitting chick and in a few seconds it was dragged underground, still alive and piping in agony, in the claws of a burrowing crab. As often as not, a fish appeared to be torn from the bird just below the surface, so that a twitching, nearly skeletal, fluffy or partially feathered carcass remained, only fractionally buried. The crabs (but emphatically this note is empirical) seemed to go for the largest of the nestlings. From the air, the frigate birds,



curving in from Puits-à-Eau Island across the lagoon, swooped down and rose again vertically, apparently with a morsel of prey, although the swiftness of the action made more exact observation impossible. The objective of their attack may have been to force other sea-birds to disgorge fish which they were bringing to their young, but I am certain that they struck at, and wounded, some among the parents and persuaded that they also snatched chicks from the ground. Above Puits-à-Eau, the frigate birds spiralled like a dark whirlwind and it was impossible, at that distance, to see individuals detaching themselves for a raid on Poulailier Island. They arrived regularly, however, and in waves. Many of them seemed to float without effort, just above the flurried families below, before they swooped. Others rested, in this area of carnage, on small eminences much closer to the ground than the text-books would have us believe to be suitable for frigate birds. They turned a cold, repelling and repellant eye on human visitors: every bird had this killer's hard stare. They were as beautiful and brutal and turned their heads in much the same fashion as the eagles on a hare in the fourth-century ten-drachma pieces of Aragas. The stench of torn carcasses, which were all about and had not yet been desiccated in the hot sun, added a carrion touch to the prevailing mousy atmosphere, but did not overcome its sickly heaviness. In spite of all this, and in spite of human killings, the birds seem to breed here regularly, as they have since this small bump was able to sustain itself above the swell of the ocean. If the dead birds—adults as well as immature—were to be counted in their thousands, the living immature birds must be counted in their ten thousands and the eggs in multiples of this figure. The yellowish-grey surface of the flat dome appeared to move eccentrically, as if swept by variable breezes, because of the countless chicks which, nearly in harmony with the colour of their surroundings, were stretching, or sprawling, or dying.'

From LIMURIA: THE LESSER DEPENDENCIES OF MAURITIUS. By Sir Robert Scott. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



ANGELA THIRKELL, who died on 19 January, became widely known for her entertaining novels of English life in and around the country houses of Barsetshire. But before she turned to fiction she had written an exceptionally attrac-

tive volume of childhood memories, *Three Houses*. This was published in 1931 and is still in print, now in its seventh impression. Many consider that it has strong claims to be her best book, and may well outlast even the sparkling early novels.

TWO FIFTEENTH-CENTURY KINGS

[The forthcoming publication of Volume VI of The Oxford History of England, The Fifteenth Century 1399–1485, completes the original scheme for this impressive undertaking of fourteen volumes. Professor Jacob's volume provides the first detailed treatment of Lancastrian and Yorkist England for nearly fifty years. We choose as extracts his portraits of Henry V and Richard III, traditional hero and villain of the period.]

HENRY had allowed himself so little time for the elegances and the humanities of kingship that it is hard to depict him away from the pursuit of his great ambition: to settle once for all the question of France. He made a deep impression on his contemporaries by his character, his sense of discipline, and his love of justice. He was unquestionably formidable, for he could diagnose the weak points of his opponents and had the gift of severity and the power to coerce with a passionate dialectic of his own. In the last analysis he was an adventurer, not a statesman: the risk he took in the creation of a dual monarchy was too great, depended on too many uncertainties, and fundamentally misread the nature of France. . . . If judgement has to be passed upon the king, one proviso seems necessary. To the fifteenth century the inducement of immediate gain by successful warfare was always more compelling than remoter considerations of economic security or political achievement. In 1413 there seemed to be a genuine opportunity to succeed where Edward III had in the end failed: either to enforce the English claim to the French crown or to see that the treaty of Brétigny was carried out without any reservation, and to acquire the duchy of Aquitaine in full sovereignty with no obligations of any sort to the French king. Events brought Henry face to face with the first of these alternatives. Holding the view of his relations to Normandy that he did, he would have found it hard to accept the Brétigny settlement without reserving the duchy, and that was not in the Calais agreement. He made the claim therefore to the French throne and through military ability and the disunity of his opponents was awarded the greater prize, but with obligations and reservations that could only have been carried out had he been there for the next twenty years to supervise, negotiate, and fight for the completion of the treaty of Troyes, and above all by his own great personal influence to hold the duke of Burgundy to his engagements. Even granted abundance of days, would he have been successful? As it was, he had only made a beginning; and he had bound his country to a settlement which quickly became out of date.

'That there was a sound constructive side to Richard III is undoubted. He was very far from being the distorted villain of tradition. His early years of probation and loyalty to his brother were entirely creditable; a simple, puritanical strain in him kept him away from the complications of the Woodville court, and his serious nature revolted against the frivolities of his brother's entourage. But when the change of government came he could not be content with the large but temporary authority offered him by the protectorship: he saw that even if the protectorship were continued a governing council might veer in the direction of the Woodville queen and that Hastings could not be relied on to keep it straight. The impulsive Buckingham was too close to his ear, and he could not trust the council over which he himself presided. The fatal step was the murder of Hastings: after that the seizure of the throne was inevitable. He had found, under pressure of his own reserved, tense, and uncommunicative nature, the Renaissance way to quick results, and that way, the way of removal, was to determine his control of events after the middle of June 1483. Having begun by strong illegal action, he was forced to continue it. There was no drawing back: people had come to believe that behind the reforms and the apparent good intentions there was nothing but terror, and the kingdom of England had had too much of that medicine. Yet the latest years of violence should not detract from the value of the Yorkist achievement. If there was an experiment in our fifteenth-century history, it was Yorkist rather than Lancastrian. It was one of particular interest for its use of special personnel, from household and estate, in an attempt at quicker and more business-like government. But it was a party experiment and because it was this, based on legitimism and direct rather than traditional forms of administration, it could not command the adherence and full respect that were, after an initial probation, to be awarded to its Tudor successor.'

From THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY 1399-1485. By Ernest F. Jacob. (The Oxford History of England, Vol. VI.) OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.



Drawing by Annette Macarthur-Onslow for Animal Stories by Ruth Manning-Sanders

on a merry isthmus
~~Heart~~ ~~Cath~~ ~~to~~ ~~bring us to~~
~~pass~~ ~~encore~~ ~~removed from North~~
~~Amorica~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~ocean~~ ~~exaggerated~~
 themselves to Laurens county, Ga,
 doubling all the time, no voice
~~not~~ ~~bellows~~ ~~miche~~ ~~chiche~~ ~~to~~ ~~tuff~~
 from ~~paper~~ ~~attack~~ ~~Not yet~~ ~~had a~~
 K. I. ~~seam~~ ~~buffered~~ ~~the~~ ~~space~~
 not yet ~~was~~ ~~trains~~ ~~settles~~
~~all~~ ~~fair~~ ~~in~~ ~~January~~ ~~played~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~50.1~~
~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~pick~~ ~~of~~ ~~Pa.~~ ~~all~~ ~~had~~
~~them~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~brilliant~~
~~look~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~peppinbro~~
 was to be seen ~~the~~ ~~ring~~ ~~some~~
 waterface ~~take~~
 The ~~story~~ of the fall is
 is retailed early in bed and
 later in life throughout most
 christian ministries. The fall
 of the wall at ~~at each~~ ~~short~~ ~~water~~
 the fall of Finnigan ~~and~~ ~~met~~
 the solid man,

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

[Dr. Litz's detailed account of the genesis of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* follows Joyce through the various stages of composition, through the author's letters and notebooks and much unpublished material, until he completes a record of Joyce's artistic development from 1914 to 1939. This study will become a necessary handbook for students of the novel, and an absorbing exposition for those who want to increase their understanding of Joyce and his unique contribution to modern literature.]

'No writer ever revised more carefully or used his rough notes and sketches more economically than Joyce. Each of his works grows out of its predecessor and prepares the way for a succeeding work already visualized in tentative form. There is a sense in which we can say that James Joyce wrote only one book, a continuous effort to endow his own life and the Dublin of his youth with universal significance. T. S. Eliot was one of the first to recognize this continuity, and in his foreword to the catalogue of the 1949 Joyce exhibition in Paris he made a plea for criticism based on a total assessment of Joyce's achievement:

'Joyce's writings form a whole; we can neither reject the early work as stages, of no intrinsic interest, of his progress towards the later, nor reject the later work as the outcome of decline. As with Shakespeare, his later work must be understood through the earlier, and the first through the last; it is the whole journey, not any one stage of it, that assures him his place among the great.

'Eliot's insistence on the unity of Joyce's art has been supported by our examination of the manner in which *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* developed. Earlier chapters have shown that the methods Joyce employed in the last stages of his "journey"—the techniques which shaped *Ulysses* and the *Wake*—evolved from the formal aims of his previous fiction. It remains to take some measure of the relationship between these final methods and the visions of reality found in his last two works.

'For a variety of personal and environmental reasons Joyce ceased during his later years to assimilate significant new experiences into his artistic imagination. With all their complexity and freshness of technique, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are but new visions of the world described in *Dubliners*, *Stephen Hero*, and *A Portrait*. We can find evidence of Joyce's tenacious hold on the concrete elements of his early experience on every page of his notebooks and rough drafts. No incident capable of symbolic extension was ever wasted. An extreme instance of this economy is provided by the history of a single passage, a short description of the Joyce kitchen which failed to make its way into *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* but was finally

included in *Ulysses*. Here is the passage as it appears in a discarded fragment of Joyce's autobiographical novel:

'The rank smell of fried herrings filled the kitchen and the bare table was strewn with greasy plates to which glutinous fish-bones and crusts were stuck by a congealing white sauce. Clammy knives and forks were abandoned here and there. A big soot-coated kettle, which had been drained of the last dregs of shell cocoa, sat in the midst of the disorder beside a large jam-jar still half-full of the oatmeal water which had served for milk. Under the table the tortoiseshell cat was chewing ravenously at a mess of charred fishheads and egg-shells heaped on a square of brown paper.

'Although there was no place for this "epiphany" in the final version of *Portrait*, Joyce refused to relinquish it. At first he set down a brief version of the scene on a note-sheet for the *Cyclops* chapter, but later he transferred the abbreviated reminder to another note-sheet containing material for the *Eumaeus* episode. Ultimately an expanded version of the passage was incorporated into *Eumaeus*.

'Joyce never wasted material drawn from his early observation, but as this material was hoarded and reworked without the benefit of fresh perspectives it was gradually distorted, becoming by the time it reached *Finnegans Wake* the substance of myth or burlesque. As the gap between Joyce's creative life and his early experience widened and the emotions of his youth receded into the past, he desperately placed more and more emphasis on a literal fidelity to details of place and personality. This insistence on accuracy went far beyond the ordinary requirements of verisimilitude and bordered on the obsessive, as when he went to great trouble to ascertain whether a man of Bloom's agility could actually climb over the area railings of No. 7 Eccles Street and drop to the ground unhurt. This exaggerated need for literal fidelity must be seen as a part of Joyce's desperate attempt to give his developing techniques the authority of actual experience.'

From THE ART OF JAMES JOYCE: METHOD AND DESIGN IN *ULYSSES* AND *FINNEGANS WAKE*. By A. Walton Litz. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



Two Indian authors were decorated on Republic Day this year. The Padma Bhushan, which is awarded for distinguished service of a high order in a particular field, was awarded to an anthropologist, Dr Verrier Elwin, who is the author of *The Muria and their Ghotul*, *The Religion of an Indian Tribe*, and

several other monographs published by the Press. V. K. Gohak, director of the Central Institute of English at Osmania University and author of *The Poetic Approach to Language* (1952), was awarded the Padma Shri 'for distinguished service'.



*Drawing by William Stobbs for William Mayne's
new story for children, Summer Visitors*

THE WAY OF THE SAINTS

[The ten volumes of Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History* were published between 1934 and 1954. Volume XI, the *Historical Atlas and Gazetteer*, followed. Comments and criticism have been appearing since 1934, and the archaeologists have made major new discoveries in certain fields. *Reconsiderations* is now to be published as Volume XII, a new volume in which Dr. Toynbee takes full account of the work of both critics and archaeologists, and reconsiders his own views on certain questions, concentrating on points which have drawn fire and which seem to have an intrinsic importance.]

THE freedom of the human self is a curse inasmuch as it is the source of spiritual evil in Man, but at the same time it is an inestimable treasure inasmuch as it is also the only source, in Man, of spiritual good. We recognize its value for us when we find ourselves under threat of being deprived of it. To be "conditioned" is a fatal evil in itself, even if our "unconditioned" fellow human being who is "conditioning" us is doing this in all good faith, not in order to serve his own self-centred ends, but in order to make our wills compulsorily conform to God's will as our human "conditioner" sees it. God's will cannot be done by human beings at some other human being's dictation. Each of us has to try to discover for himself, through his own travail and at his own peril, what God's will for him is. And, since Man is a social being, each individual's peril and travail is also peril and travail for his fellow men. This is the inalienable privilege and penalty of being human. We can escape it only by giving up being human, and human nature revolts against attempts to constrain it to make this renunciation. In the past would-be tyrants have often been baffled by encountering something intractable in their intended victims. Fortunately for mankind, human nature is more mulish than it is sheep-like. This has been a saving human quality; but, until our day, our mulish human nature has never had to face the new psychological weapon that

a present-day tyrant wields. In this new situation we may have to fight with all our strength to defend and preserve the freedom of our personalities which is our human birthright. We hold this precious gift not as owners but as trustees. Our free selves are ours to be used by us, not for self-centred purposes of our own, but in God's service. The angels' and the social insects' involuntary way is not the way for human beings.

'If this is our decision, it commits us to the other alternative. Human beings will have to try to follow the way of the saints; and this is hard indeed. A human being who enters on it is involving himself in a perpetual struggle and exposing himself to perpetual danger; and, even at the price of this tribulation, the seeker's goal will never be reached to the seeker's satisfaction. It cannot be, because a human being who rises to sainthood does not undergo a spiritual mutation. He does not become a creature of another species. The distinctive characteristics of human nature are the freedom of the human consciousness and the human will; and this freedom is a saint's, as well as an ordinary human being's, spiritual instrument. The goal of a saint's endeavour is, not to sterilize his spiritual freedom, but to put it to work in God's service. This service is perfect freedom if it is perfectly performed; but the saint will be painfully aware of the gulf—invisible to ordinary human eyes—between his achievement and his ideal of perfection. As Berkovitz has well said, there is perfection neither in this world nor in any other, but only in God; and this means that a human soul's—even a saint's soul's—fight with self-centredness will be unceasing.

'If this is the truth, it tells us that the next ledge, if we succeed in reaching it, will not be a resting-place. Rest cannot be procured for human beings in this world by means of institutions, even if these are admirably designed for meeting the needs of the time, and even if they are accepted wholeheartedly and operated in good faith.

' "Whatever may be achieved, in the nearer or more distant future, in the way of institutions, organisations, federations, it will remain true that nothing achieved in history can be made permanently secure. There is no such thing as a human organisation that can be established 'securely' through being made weather-proof against the all-disintegrating action of time."¹

' "The culture-cycle as a whole might be described as an alternation between rigid traditionalism and tendencies to disruption and chaos. And history knows of no resting-point in this up-and-down."²

Rest would also not be one of the rewards of a spiritual effort that succeeded in transfiguring human society into a communion of saints. Even

¹ E. Gurster in *Die Neue Rundschau*, 13. Heft (Winter, 1949), pp. 141-2.

² F. Borkenau in *Commentary*, March, 1956, p. 244.

in a saintly society, the victory over self-centredness, collective and individual, would never be complete, and the effort would therefore have to be unremitting. This means that the next ledge will be the scene of a spiritual struggle that will not be less intense than the struggle to climb, from ledge to ledge, up the face of the cliff. Moreover, this conclusion about the conditions that await us on the next ledge above us raises a question about the ledge immediately below us. Perhaps this, too, was not, in truth, the resting-place that, so far, I have taken it to have been. Miss Oakeley reminds us¹ that "we must not ignore the gigantic effort of 'Primitive' Man in rising from the sub-human to the human". This effort is one that I had taken into account: it is the effort of climbing the precipice next below ours. But the successful performance of this feat may not, after all, have been followed by an age of torpor. Christopher Dawson points out that, even where a culture is apparently static, a continuous effort is required for the task of merely keeping the culture in that condition.² Dawson's observation would, no doubt, be confirmed from personal experience if we could call as witnesses the elders responsible for the management of any one of the most primitive human societies still extant. . . . Like the physicist, the anthropologist recognizes that what looks, to an uninitiated eye, as if it were a motionless solid body is in reality a swirling legion of invisible dancers, each dancing with all its might for dear life.

'The last word here may be left for a poet to speak. George Herbert has perceived that, when God at first made Man, rest was not included among the gifts with which He endowed him. The poet has also divined that this gift was withheld for a purpose. God's intent towards Man, as Herbert sees it, was that,

if goodness lead him not, yet weariness
may toss him to My breast.

The intrinsic imperfection of human nature does, indeed, both require and provide a spur. Yet struggle and danger—Man's two inseparable companions on his journey through this world—are no more than means to an end; and they are not the only means of advancing towards the goal of human endeavours that Man has at his disposal. The best means is identical with the end itself. This end is goodness; and, though human goodness never attains perfection, not even in the soul of the greatest saint, Man travels best when his imperfect goodness leads him.'

¹ H. D. Oakeley in *Philosophy*, vol. xi, No. 42 (April, 1936), p. 190.

² Chr. Dawson: *The Dynamics of World History*, pp. 451-2.



DHAULAGIRI: THREE OF THE EXPEDITION'S PORTERS, WHO
TRAVELLED BAREFOOT

A plate from The Ascent of Dhaulagiri

AVALANCHE

[Dhaulagiri in the Himalayas, only 2,176 feet lower than Everest, was first conquered by a Swiss team on 13 May 1960. Max Eiselin, the 28-year-old leader of the expedition, has written his account of the climb, the first Himalayan ascent to employ a supply aircraft. Despite the crash of the plane on the mountain, and the emergency reorganization that followed, six men reached the summit, and not one man of the expedition suffered injury. It is a remarkable story, modestly and refreshingly told; and there are some splendid photographs.]

THE Sherpas were not keen to go any higher and we were only able with difficulty to get them out of their sleeping bags. We stepped outside the grotto at 7 a.m. and began the ascent. Georg, an old hand on the mountain, said he smelled bad weather. In his opinion it was just a waste of time to go on; we ought to go down to Camp 3 as soon as possible before avalanches made the descent precarious. I was not in favour of going down at once and wanted at least to make an attempt. However, Georg would not be persuaded and went down alone to Camp 3, while I continued the ascent with the Sherpas. . . .

'After about two hours it began to snow. It got heavier and heavier and by the time we were about half way up the *couloir* leading to Camp 5, I realized that my friend had been right. I told the Sherpas to dump their loads; three of them were to go up to Camp 5 and collect the most valuable objects, such as radio equipment and oxygen flasks, and in the meantime I would return to Camp 4 with Pasang Söna, taking the dumped loads with us. We had only just arrived and were busy making tea while waiting for the Sherpas when everything suddenly went dark. Snow poured into the ice hole like a waterfall and in a trice we were buried. Everything was as still as death. Pasang was not to be seen, it was totally dark, and I got no answer to my shouts. On the verge of panic, I managed to find a torch, which fortunately still worked. In the dim light provided by the almost expended battery I saw a yellow form almost buried in snow. It was Pasang; he lay quite still but he was alive. He got up in a dazed manner, and obviously did not know what had happened.

"Avalanche, Pasang!" I shouted, for it was quite clear that only a very large fall could have buried us like this. The tremendous force of the avalanche was evident when I saw that the snow had penetrated into the furthest corners of our cave. We had to get out of this mousetrap as rapidly as possible or we should be buried alive. The avalanche must have swept down the Pear *couloir* and it seemed unlikely that our comrades would have got off scot-free. We had to get outside as they might need our help but it was easier said than done. The entrance was completely

blocked so we got to work with cooking utensils. While we were doing so we came upon a shovel, after which things went better.

'There was a small space left free of snow in our sleeping quarters into which we hurled the snow so as to break a way out as quickly as possible. But suppose there were feet of snow piled up outside? But that was not likely, for Camp 4 was situated in the middle of a steep slope where the snow could not accumulate. We worked away energetically and soon noticed that the already thin air was rapidly getting used up. My head began to go round and all I wanted to do was to lie down and sleep. But when one's life is at stake the body acts automatically and by instinct. I could not help thinking of a cave-in in a coal mine and this thought spurred me on—whatever happened we must get out; I had no wish to be buried alive. I could see the newspapers: *Catastrophe on Dhaulagiri!* And the ever-present critics would say "It's their own fault, they asked for it." We began to slow down with exhaustion. We must not go to sleep; we must clench our teeth and battle on. Away with this beastly snow, I never wanted to see the horrible white stuff again! The fear of being buried alive was going. I had only one thought in my head, work like the devil until I dropped. We weighed in on the white mass before us and gradually breathing began to get a little easier. We could not be so far from the entrance now. At last a glimmer of light. Just a few more minutes and we would be there. A last hefty stroke with the shovel and fresh air streamed in. How good it was! A few more shovelfuls and at last we stepped outside, totally exhausted.'

From THE ASCENT OF DHAULAGIRI. By Max Eiselin. Translated by E. Noel Bowman. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE AGE OF EMPIRE

[*Empire into Commonwealth contains the four Chichele Lectures delivered by Lord Attlee at Oxford last May, and the author stresses that they are the result of reflection rather than research; they give what is essentially a personal impression.*]

'ON the wall at school hung a great map with large portions of it coloured red. It was an intoxicating vision for a small boy, for, as we understood it, all these people were ruled for their own good by strong silent men, civil servants and soldiers as portrayed by Kipling. We believed in our great imperial mission. We knew little of the seamy side of empire, of the financiers and dubious characters behind our empire builders. Hilaire Belloc was to enlighten us later.

'The British Empire was an extension of Britain. At home the ruling classes enjoyed a high standard of life while the masses were poor. The capitalists pursued profit-making while the State looked after law and order. Abroad, as at home, there was an admirable and honest civil service, and there were clergy at home like the missionaries abroad to call attention to other values. The Empire was a great field for exploitation by the capitalists, while for the younger sons of the better-fed classes it offered a great opportunity for service.

'It is well to remember that despite much vulgar ostentation and the exploitation of backward peoples, there was this other side which appealed to adventurous and idealistic youth. There were hundreds of men giving devoted service and hard and honest work to the task of bringing civilization to primitive or backward peoples. They lived and not infrequently died prematurely in unpleasant conditions. They set a high standard of devotion to duty and to honest administration in the interest of the governed. Countries that have now become self-governing have profited much from their work and example.

'Britain was not alone in the colonial field. It was the age of Empire. France and Belgium, Holland and Portugal had their empires, and late entrants like Germany and Italy strove to follow the prevailing fashion.

'Another vivid memory of that time. I was going up for my school entrance examination. My master gave me an illustrated paper. I recall the picture on the front page of the defeat of the Italians by King Menelik at Adowa. . . .

'It confirmed our opinion that, generally speaking, other people were not so good at the game as we were. There were scandals in the Congo. There were stories of the brutality of the Germans to the Hereros. We had clashed with the French when Major Marchand made his historic expedition across the Sahara to try to anticipate us in the Sudan. It was the day of imperialism. Europeans ruled the world. Apart, of course, from the people of the United States, whom we regarded more or less as honorary Europeans, all over the world Europeans were dominant. Europeans tended to take over any odd pieces of territory, the inhabitants of which could not defend themselves and which seemed to offer opportunities for profit.

'It is to be remembered that at that time the British Empire was a free trade empire. Our dependencies were open to the traders of other nations, while we had all the expenses of acquiring them and ruling them. So why, we thought, should anyone object?

'Outside the great European powers, there were only two other great countries: the United States of America and Russia. They were engaged

in consolidating continents. That, of course, was not imperialism. The essence of imperialism is crossing the sea; gradually extending one's rule and mopping up a whole continent is not imperialism but manifest destiny. There were two other old empires at the time, those of Spain and Portugal, but they were rather moribund, we thought. . . .

'There was another great country which did not at that time play much of a part in the world, and that was China. It was nibbled at by European powers. Its sovereignty was infringed by treaties of one kind and another, and small pieces of it were bitten off. There were a few independent states—Afghanistan, Siam, Persia, and Ethiopia. There was a pleasing term used for them; they were regarded as "buffer states", something interposed between the rival ambitious and quarrelsome Europeans. There was only one exception to European dominance and that was Japan, which we thought was rather an Asian counterpart of ourselves. They had recently defeated China and were soon to defeat Russia. They were so good at war that they were regarded as almost honorary Europeans.'

From EMPIRE INTO COMMONWEALTH. By Earl Attlee. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



WANTED: MONASTERY WITH SOUTHERN ASPECT

['. . . in a little poem traditionally ascribed to a poet who died in 665 we have a picture of the ideal monastery as he conceived it. . . .'] In her Riddell Memorial Lectures Miss N. K. Chadwick gives Kuno Myer's translation from his *Ancient Irish Poetry*.]

'I wish, O Son of the living God, O ancient eternal King,
For a hidden little hut in the wilderness that it may be my dwelling.
An all-grey blithe little lark to be by its side,
A clear pool to wash away sins through the grace of the Holy Spirit.
A southern aspect for warmth, a little brook across its floor,
A choice land with many gracious gifts such as be good for every plant.
A pleasant church and with the linen altar-cloth,
A dwelling for God from Heaven;
Then shining candles above the pure white Scriptures.
This is the husbandry I would take, I would choose, and will not hide it.
Fragrant leek, hens, salmon, trout, bees.
Raiment and food enough for me from the King of fair fame,
And I to be sitting for a while praying to God in every place.'

From THE AGE OF THE SAINTS IN THE EARLY CELTIC CHURCH. By N. K. Chadwick. (UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



RICHARD PARES

*Frontispiece to The Historian's Business and Other Essays by Richard Pares, edited by
R. A. Humphreys and Mrs. Elisabeth Humphreys*

THE MASTER-MARINER'S EPITHALAMION

[We print below one poem from a striking first volume by Jon Stallworthy, who won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford two years ago.]

THERE was a captain who, weary of land,
Called for his swallow-tail coat and cravat,
His buckle-shoes, spyglass, and tricorn hat;
And called on deck a thumping band
To stuff the sails. From bollard, quay,
And painted hulls,
A squall of gulls
Blew him over the switchback sea.

Twelve days out in the roaring lanes
A mutinous crew beat down his door.
Some he pistoled on the cabin floor,
Marlin-spiked the bosun's brains
And clapped the deck-hands into irons:
But at his back
On every tack
Pounced the sea like a pride of lions.

There was a helmsman, too intent
On a lunatic compass ever to feel
His fingers broken by the snarling wheel;
Over whose head the waters went
And the whip-thongs of torn sail.
Night fell, and the mast
Splintering, passed
Pennoned into the jaws of the gale.

Flamboyant signals of distress
Erupted from his hand: but dark rain blocked
The golden rain, and tongues of lightning mocked
Each muzzled rocket. Rudderless
Through all the angles of the chart
His vessel drifted,
Till an iron wave lifted
And falling, cracked its timber heart.

There was a castaway, who shook
 A captain's coat in the wind's teeth, gave
 His buckle-shoes to the pull of the wave;
 Who risen out of the wreck—
 See!—naked as a dolphin swims
 Into the humbling,
 Surf-white, tumbling,
 Sanctuary-harbour of your limbs.

From THE ASTRONOMY OF LOVE: POEMS. By Jon Stallworthy. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

REFUGEE WORLD

[Robert Kee's report on the refugee situation at the close of World Refugee Year is both encouraging and disquieting, and should be widely discussed. His scrutiny has been based on a series of European journeys during 1960: his method, as our extract shows, is to record what he saw and heard, and to draw some tentative conclusions.]

‘THE “unofficial” camp at Schleissheimerstrasse 360 in Munich itself to which Watson now took me did not, at first sight, look startlingly shocking. The forlorn brown wooden barracks lay in a sort of basic symmetry on the flat ground. Long ago when the temporary huts had been first put up someone had prescribed a regulation amount of space between them. The few people moving about seemed to have a normal purpose in their movement: a woman walking down between two huts with a shopping basket, a man with a hat and a brief-case, two youths in jeans carrying a large rubber ball. Only the large block of bright modern flats with balconies towering above the place from behind suggested that the people who lived in these huts were in some way second-class citizens.

‘A crumbling notice: “Danger! Rat Poison!” had been stuck on the wooden wall of a hut. We knocked at a door. Its opening shook the whole wall. The two rooms had trailing plants and a bird cage and mats trimly arranged on the crumbling linoleum. The cheap furniture and beds were crowded so thickly round the walls that the floor seemed a precious place. The neatness and cleanliness of the rooms made it difficult to remember that their tenant's one wish was to get out of them as soon as possible.

‘She was the German-born wife of a Don Cossack refugee and rather a favourite of Watson's. She “. . . had had a terrible time, poor woman,



A REFUGEE CHILD IN MOROCCO

A plate from Refugee World

this last winter—there were times when I wondered how on earth she was going to get through it". Her husband had been ill and unable to work. She had had to look after her two children of ten and six as well as him. Then she had had a baby which had died. Then her husband had died. Altogether with her assistance from the German social welfare she had 185 marks per month for the three (about £15. 10s.), but 14 marks of that (about £1. 5s.) went on rent for the rooms.

'Sitting there now smiling politely through her spectacles she might have been a fairly contented housewife anywhere in the world.

"One *has* to be contented," she said. "One has to be reasonable."

'Of course, she said, the thinness of the walls was one of the worst things in camps. If it wasn't somebody's radio blaring all day just as if it were in your own room, it was quarrelling and drunkenness and other things that children shouldn't hear. . . .

'In the next hut Mr. and Mrs. Kryutchik welcomed us with something like ceremony to the one room in which they had lived for five years. With an inborn dignity they managed to dissociate both themselves and us from this room as they proceeded vehemently to run it down. The walls were rotten; the wet and the cold came in; it was horrible to have to cook and eat and wash and sleep all in one room for five years. They said all this factually, cheerfully almost, not whining, yet temperamentally different with their emphasis from people like Eva's mother who said philosophically: "One has to be contented."

'Mr. Kryutchik was a Ukrainian, brought to Germany as a prisoner nearly twenty years before. He had been a carpenter by trade but was now too ill with stomach trouble to work. Swiftly he pulled up his shirt to reveal a long scar from an operation. He was in his fifties and the good looks that had once been his now stalked the lined shrunken skin of his honest face like a ghost. His hair was still jet black.

'He sat there confirming the description given by his wife, a youngish German woman, very blonde, in an orange sweater, of the difficulties of getting by on 110 marks (about £9. 10s.) a month assistance money with a rent of 8.50 marks (about 15s.). Fortunately Watson had been able to get them some financial help. . . .

'Mr. Kryutchik said that years ago he had hoped to emigrate. In fact he had been accepted by the United States in 1948 and had been all ready to go. Then had come this stomach illness and he had been rejected. Of course he didn't want to emigrate now. He had married a German wife. He knew the language well. He was at home here. He didn't think much about the Ukraine any more—except that For one moment I got

a glimpse of the spirit which the United States had rejected twelve years before. Except that he knew that if he were in bed here dying and heard that the Russians were at the gates of Munich he would find the strength to go out and kill at least ten of them before he died. And he rose shakily from his chair as he said this and shot some of them down then and there before us in the room.

'After we had left I asked Watson if two people could possibly get by on 110 marks a month in Germany today.

"What!" he said, "And buy any clothes too?"

'It was suddenly a great relief to know that someone professionally in the refugee business was still capable of feeling angry. The next moment he had resumed his placid English ordinairiness.

"Is there any chance of those Kryutchiks getting away from that room in the near future?" I asked.

"None at all I'm afraid, for the moment," he answered. It was as if alternative accommodation were simply not in stock.

'He took me into the central corridor of another barracks. There were some lavatories just inside the front door. They smelt so foul that I found myself breathing as little as possible as we hurried past. Glancing in rapidly through the open doorways I saw that the walls were peeling and panes of glass were broken in the lavatory doors.

"Who exactly do these people pay rent to?" I asked.

"The municipality."

"But I thought you said this was an unofficial camp?"

"That's right."

"What really is the difference between an official camp and an unofficial one then?"

"Well, an unofficial camp doesn't have any camp administration for one thing. And . . . well, it's not written down on anyone's list as an official camp, I suppose. . . ."

From REFUGEE WORLD. By Robert Kee. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



'I HAD the delight and honour as a young man at Toynbee Hall fifty-seven years ago of meeting Charles Booth . . . and soon after, when I had begun to write about unemployment and poverty at various ages, I thanked God for Charles

Booth. Any inspiration I had came first from him . . . ' Lord Beveridge was writing to the *Times Literary Supplement* about *Charles Booth: Social Scientist*, by Professor and Mrs. Simey, published last autumn by the Clarendon Press.



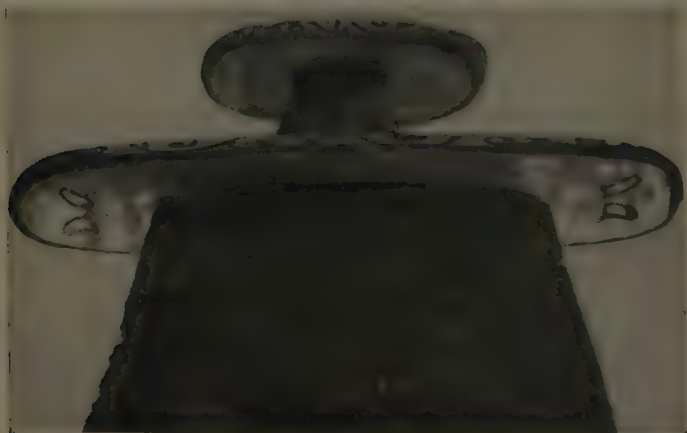
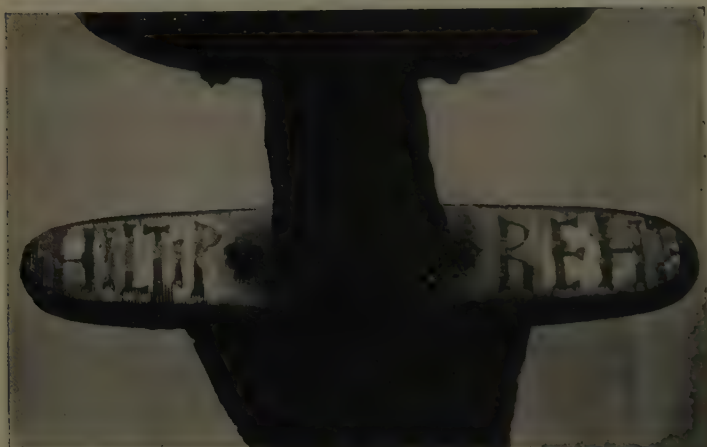
The black drawing from the two-colour jacket design for Eirik the Red by William Stobbs

THE WORLD OF THE SAGAS

*[The Icelandic sagas describe the lives and feuds of families and individuals between A.D. 930 and A.D. 1030, and were written down during the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries. Professor Gwyn Jones has made a selection for *The World's Classics*, and his masterly translations, eloquent and forceful, are unlikely to be bettered. We reproduce a passage from his introduction.]*

‘THE visual arts had flourished in both Ireland and Scandinavia, but in Iceland there was no stone to hew, no wood to carve, no metal to mould; architecture and illumination were in the nature of things beyond their reach; and there is little evidence that they were a musical people. Their artistic expression must be in words, and by a singular stroke of fortune many of these words could be preserved. The long dark winters provided all the time in the world, the need to kill off most of their cattle ensured a large supply of week-old calves’ skins for vellum, and the coming of Christianity in the year 1000 provided a practicable alphabet and a conventional format. Beginning on the estates of the wealthy chieftains and bishops, and in the monasteries south and north, but spreading later among the farmers over the whole island, transcription took place on an unprecedented scale. There still exist some 700 Icelandic manuscripts or fragments of manuscript on vellum, and these, in Sigurður Nordal’s words, are “like the poor wreckage from a proud fleet”, which on a cautious estimate must have been ten times as numerous. . . .

‘The sagas . . . are part of the heroic literature of Germania. They are the prose (and sometimes homespun) counterparts of Germanic heroic



ANCIENT SWORDS

- a. Pommel with runic inscription, Gilton, Kent
- b. Inscribed guard of Viking sword from Ballinderry, Ireland
- c. Guard of Viking sword from Ballinderry, Ireland

A plate from The Sword in Anglo-Saxon England by H. R. Ellis Davidson

poetry. This is because the Icelandic conception of character and action was heroic. The men and women of the sagas had a comparatively uncomplicated view of human destiny, and of the part they were called upon to play in face of it. They had, it is not too much to say, an aesthetic appreciation of conduct. There was a right way to act: the consequences might be dreadful, hateful; but the conduct was more important than its consequences. In *Burnt-Njal's Saga* Flosi burns Njal and his sons (and incidentally an old woman and child) alive, not because he wants to; he loathes the task, but fate has put him in a position where it is the only thing he can do. So he does it. In part, this is the familiar tragic dilemma of the Germanic hero: he has a choice not between right and wrong, but between wrongs, and cannot renege. In part, it is a saga reading of character and destiny: to see one's fate and embrace it, with this curious aesthetic appreciation of what one is doing—it was this that made one a saga personage, a person worthy to be told about. The principal characters of *The Vapnþjford Men* carry out their deadly manœuvres like partners in a ballet: that arrogant, unhappy, and hell-bent Brodd-Helgi slaughtered like the doomed ox he was by the unforgiving, supple, and far-sighted Geitir; then Bjarni, for all his noble instincts (amply revealed at the end of the saga and in *Thorstein Staff-Struck*), brought inexorably, almost like a sleep-walker, to his bitter vengeance; and Geitir's son Thorkel stalking and snaring his prey in turn. Even Skald-Hrafn's betrayal of Gunnlaug when he brought him water to drink was well done, because it was what he had to do. We know the name of Bjarni Grimolfsson not so much because he sailed to America as because he gave up his place in a boat to a man more concerned to live than he. Certain death was the price of his gesture, but the name of the survivor was not worth remembrance. He was merely the occasion of Bjarni's moment of destiny. Death, it is true, was not to be sought, but it was not to be avoided either, if by avoidance a man lessened his own stature. For that reason, and not for false pride or folly, Eyvind Bjarnason would not ride away to safety from the pursuing Hrafnkel. Hrafnkel, an altogether tougher exponent of the heroic ideal, could bide his time because he knew his time would come. He knows both himself and the old proverb: "A slave takes vengeance at once, a coward never." The Saga Age in Iceland was a last flowering of the Germanic Heroic Age; it was wedded to the blood-feud, and the sagas mirror it in every detail. That is why, for all their realism and sobriety, the family sagas are heroic literature.'

From EIRIK THE RED AND OTHER ICELANDIC SAGAS. *Selected and translated by Gwyn Jones.* (The World's Classics, No. 582.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

WRITING AGAINST TIME

[The Writer's Dilemma brings into book form the ten essays recently published in successive issues of the Times Literary Supplement under the title 'Limits of Control'. The ten contributors were Arnold Toynbee, John Bowen, Lawrence Durrell, Gerald Heard, Nathalie Sarraute, William Golding, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Saul Bellow, Alan Sillitoe, and Richard Wollheim. Stephen Spender's introduction provides us with the following excerpt.]

'ONE symptom of unconscious conditioning by the society in which we live, might be the failure to hold in mind with sufficient clarity this distinction between being an artist and making works of art. In several of these essays, "writer" seems to be equated with "free individual", and it seems to be held that as long as there are writers and readers believing themselves to be free, there is no real problem for literature. But writers and writing are not the same thing. To put the distinction as strongly as possible, there might be writers without writing. One can imagine a society—probably England—in which there were a good many famous writers, but no books. The idea is not altogether fanciful. Many people would agree that in certain circumstances, exercising his function as writer, the novelist or poet simply will not write, because he knows that, if he did so, he would write badly, or betray his art. It was André Gide, I think, who took a "vow of silence" at the beginning of the last war; and it would not be disrespectful to speculate sympathetically that E. M. Forster has published no novel since the early 1920's, not through failure of his vocation but on account of the times in which we live, which have made it impossible for him to fulfil this part of his vocation. We have got used to expecting that the poems of some of our best poets should be few and far between. Significantly, a few poets, and a good many artists, alter their style from decade to decade, to meet a new historic situation in the life around them.

'Cyril Connolly opened *The Unquiet Grave*, justly his most famous book, with the words: "The more books we read, the sooner we perceive that the only function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece. No other task is of any consequence. Obvious though this should be, how few writers will admit it, or having made the admission, will be prepared to lay aside the piece of iridescent mediocrity on which they have embarked!"

'The writer's problem is indeed only important in so far as it enables him to write a great work. It is understandable, then, that a good many readers have come to regard the silence of certain writers as more significant than the carrying on of others. But silence may also, for better or worse, be a reaction from which others react. The pressing loquacity of

Henry Miller, of Lawrence Durrell, shows a heroic determination to snatch a masterpiece from a world overshadowed by an intolerable threat.

'Here we come to the heart of what is destructive. The potential masterpiece exists under the shadow of the destruction of civilization. That art is long and life is short, states the bare minimum necessary condition for any contemporary literature. To be stretched to the length of art the time of the artist has to be sacrificial. But in the present century, external time has been ground cut away from under his feet. The seven years which Joyce devoted to *Ulysses* and the seventeen to *Finnegans Wake*, seem not historic time of this present century, objective time, but time that is fabricated in a vacuum of the writer's subjective will, cut off from events. Joyce's own expressed view that the Second World War was a trivial waking compared with the dreams and *Wake* of Earwicker, confirms the sense of a willedness for which the price paid is the most excluding obscurity. And just as the opposite of the writer who maintains his status by not writing, is the one who writes without stopping, so the opposite to the artist who makes his time in the vacuum of his will, is he who, like Picasso, paints a picture in two or three hours, defiantly dating his works according to the day, and sometimes the hour.

'The threat of destruction can, and indeed must, be consciously disregarded. It is not impossible to go through life with one's personal certain death sentence doubled by the image of sentenced civilization surviving from reprieve to reprieve. Yet though we exclude it consciously, one of the incalculables of today is that we cannot tell how far our unconscious life is influenced by the threat overhanging all. A more immediate difficulty perhaps is the shifting, at an ever-increasing velocity, of the terms of reference—the scenery, the machinery of living, the images and symbols, the very language of the people in the streets—from which we construct the sermons of experience. Thus it is wrong, on reflection, to say that things are the same as they have been. The rate at which present history becomes past history, involving as it does the transformation of conditions and appearances, is only "the same" in the sense that the word "war" is "the same" when applied to the Wars of the Roses and the two world wars of this century. At the age of eighty-four, Max Born declared that the world had changed more between the date of his birth and today than between the time of Julius Caesar and the date of his birth.'

From Stephen Spender's *Introduction to THE WRITER'S DILEMMA*: Essays first published in the *Times Literary Supplement* under the heading 'Limits of Control'.
LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



H. M. HYNDMAN

*A plate from H. M. Hyndman and British Socialism by Chushichi Tsuzuki,
edited by Henry Pelling*

THE SOUTH AFRICAN AIR

[Professor Marais sets out in *The Fall of Kruger's Republic* to explain how the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand led to the Anglo-Boer War; and has found that the opening of the British archives (in 1949) to the end of the nineteenth century and the publications of recent decades have made possible a fresh attempt to show how and why war came in 1899.]

THE failure of the Bloemfontein conference ushered in the last stage of the South African crisis. That this stage took four months to live through was not the fault of the high commissioner. For he had already begun to advocate a military solution of the Transvaal problem. A fortnight before the conference he wrote to Selborne:

‘ . . . The Boers and their sympathizers have never been in such a funk for many years. . . . Therefore my advice to you is, if I fail with Kruger, to assume at once the diplomatic offensive and to back it with a strong show of material force. . . . My view is (1) that absolute downright determination plus a large temporary increase of force will ensure a climb down. It is 20 to 1. And (2) that, if it didn't and there was a fight it would be better to fight now than 5 or 10 years hence, when the Transvaal, unless the Uitlanders can be taken in, in considerable numbers, will be stronger and more hostile than ever.

It could not have been difficult to persuade Chamberlain, to whom Selborne showed this letter (like the rest of Milner's correspondence with him), that the high commissioner's view was correct. A week later Milner explained in more detail what he had in mind. He wanted an “*overwhelming*” force—“it may be 10,000 men”—to be sent out at once to Natal, and Laing's Nek on the republican frontier to be occupied. “This forward position once assured”, he wrote, “. . . we should have a means of pressure which would be irresistible.” Walker appears to hold that the British government should have followed Milner's advice. Yet it can hardly be doubted that the dispatch of 10,000 troops to South Africa would have precipitated the outbreak of hostilities. As will be seen later, the republican government conceded a great deal to “moral” pressure. But when Britain decided to send out 10,000 men, it made up its mind that the time had come to fight. In his correspondence during May and June Milner indicated that this might conceivably happen. He did not consider it likely, but if it did happen, so much the better. For the Boers could then be said to be the aggressors. The war would be almost a walk-over, a matter of a few months though its beginning would be “*very unpleasant*”, and at the end of it British supremacy could be decisively secured in South Africa. But if the Boers did not attack, then perhaps the next best thing would be for Kruger to refuse to yield and for “the smash” to come in that way

(though he did not think "we ought to aim at that"). If war came it would mean the end of the republic. "Thousands of people would at once swarm into the Transvaal, and the balance of political power which even now would be clearly ours in South Africa as a whole under a system of equal rights, would be rapidly and decisively turned against the Boer for ever."

'Milner's letter advocating forceful determination arrived on 2 June, and a few days later came the news of the breakdown at Bloemfontein. Chamberlain now decided to recommend the dispatch of an ultimatum accompanied by troops. The cabinet with considerable misgivings agreed to follow his lead. He accordingly telegraphed Milner: "What should H.M.G. ask for if they decide to send an ultimatum? . . . I suggest the repeal of all legislation since the Convention of 1884 restrictive of 'the rights and privileges enjoyed by aliens when the convention was arranged'. What do you think of it?" But this was going too fast even for Milner and he replied: ". . . ultimatum now would be premature. . . ." The high commissioner's reply decided the issue, for the cabinet had already begun to feel, as Selborne put it, "that they could not send an ultimatum yet, but that another stage or stages must intervene before public opinion would permit it". . . .

'Between mid-June and mid-July, as the Boers continued to yield, its [the cabinet's] warlike ardour cooled off. On 11 July Salisbury told the Queen that he "was much impressed with the more pacific tone of the cabinet. Some members were averse to any such abatement of their indignation of [with?] the Transvaal. But the majority . . . were impressed with the want of support such a war would seem likely to command with public opinion in this country; and were in favour of very circumspect action." A week later he declared that "this country, as well as the cabinet, excepting perhaps Mr Chamberlain, were against a war". The colonial secretary found it necessary therefore to warn the high commissioner as early as 16 June that "it is clear that we must be able to show, before we take more active measures, that every form of diplomatic pressure and every suggestion for arrangement has been exhausted"; and (on 21 June) that large reinforcements were for the present out of the question. But if the republic would not grant a satisfactory franchise, he asked Milner, what then? Why then, replied the latter, an ultimatum and troops. The most probable result, he reiterated, would be "a complete climb down" or "surrender". If not that, then war, which ought to be over before summer started in November. And war, though "deplorable" in itself, "would at least enable us to put things on a sound basis for the future better than even the best-devised Convention can". This telegram—and a few others

sent by the high commissioner at this time—alarmed Graham in the colonial office. Milner's telegram and the press reports from South Africa, he minuted, "make me very anxious. . . . I begin to think that there is something excitable in the South African air which prevents men taking a cool and dispassionate view. . . ."

'Chamberlain was inclined to agree, for there now arrived a telegram from Milner demanding the recall of the commander of the British troops in South Africa, General Butler. When Milner got to know Butler better after his return to South Africa in February, he admitted the general's ability with his usual candour. But he also recognized that if his policy was to be carried out Butler would have to go. For the latter made no secret of his view that peace should be maintained. . . . When Milner told him in May that he thought the Boers would not fight, he replied that "they would fight for their independence but not on lesser matters"; he also said that to bring military pressure to bear on the republics would require 40,000 men, but decided later that this figure was very much too low. (Milner declared afterwards, "His merit was that he knew the size of the job.") . . . Shortly afterwards Butler received a private letter from the war office advising him to resign if certain reports about his political opinions current in London were true. He denied that they were, but went at once to see Milner. On being told by the latter that he had been a hindrance to him, he wrote to place his resignation in the hands of the war office. It was accepted by telegram on 8 August.'

From THE FALL OF KRUGER'S REPUBLIC. By J. S. Marais. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.



Drawing from Animal Stories

SPEECH, GESTURE, AND SITUATION

[*Pillars of Society* (1877), *A Doll's House* (1879), and *Ghosts* (1881) are the three plays in the second volume to appear (Volume V of the whole series) of *The Oxford Ibsen*. The new volume of Mr. J. W. McFarlane's edition contains a critical Introduction, from which we take our excerpt, a selection of the dramatist's draft material, accounts of early performances, and full bibliographical information.]

'ACCOMPANYING these variations in theme are a number of more specifically technical changes of great fascination, particularly in the demands Ibsen made on language. The most conspicuous break with his own past in this respect had actually already taken place, at the time when he deliberately rejected verse as a mode of dramatic speech valid for his own day; but his desire to discover still more about the possibly unsuspected resources of prose dialogue led him unceasingly on. In the intertexture¹ of the three plays here under review, there is clear evidence of Ibsen's continually audacious experimentation in the dramatic use of language. Taking as the characteristic intertexture of drama some compounding of the elements of speech, gesture, and situation, one notes in moving from play to play through the series certain distinct changes in the relative importance attached to the separate constituent parts. To claim, *tout court*, that each is allowed dominance in turn—that speech predominates in the intertexture of *Pillars of Society*, gesture in *A Doll's House*, and situation in *Ghosts*—would be to over-simplify and in some measure to distort what is in any event a highly complex matter; but it opens up an approach to the technical nature of these separate dramas that is not without promise.

'Clearly the climax of *Pillars of Society* is massively and expansively verbal. The tension that has been built up is discharged not by any sharp encounter of expostulation and rejoinder, not by any quick cut and thrust of impassioned argument, not by any stichomythiac exchange, but—of all things—by a vote of thanks and a speech in reply. Rörlund takes nearly 900 cliché-ridden words to provoke Bernick into speech, and Bernick takes nearly 800 words to reply, both speeches being very largely uninterrupted except by the noises and asides of audience participation and reaction. Could Ibsen have found anything more unpromisingly ponderous, more monumentally rhetorical, more sheerly wordy to accompany the essentially verbal nature of the dramatic mode within which he is here operating? The final confrontation is between men wielding nothing more deadly than a knack for public speaking, a gift of the gab, and indulging

¹ To use a convenient term from Coleridge, happily revived and most penetratingly analysed by Ronald Peacock in his study *The Art of Drama* (London, 1957).

themselves in their few well-chosen words. The speech rhythms are—for the dramatic crisis of a modern realistic play—quite astonishingly slow-moving. Prolix, verbose, it is nevertheless a form of climax wholly appropriate to a drama in which so much of the motive force is provided by what is, and was, *said*: where so many of the characters step forward and declare themselves, where the past is brought up to date by gossiping tongues, where rumour is one of the mainsprings of social change, and the liberating effect of public confession is made clear.

'To pass from this to *A Doll's House* is to leave a predominantly verbal mode of drama for a much more pronouncedly gestural one. It is not merely that the high-point of the whole play, Nora's final exit and her slamming the door, is a "gesture" of a particularly expressive kind, the first purposeful gesture of the new individualist; nor even that certain incidents and episodes—of which the business with Rank and the flesh-coloured stockings, the practice tarantella, and the change of costume in Act III are the most obvious—are so economically and laconically effective by virtue of their near wordlessness; but that throughout the entire drama there is an exploitation of the dramatic resources of gesture and posture and movement so unrelenting and so ingenious as to make the accompanying words in many cases almost superfluous. The point has been made before¹ that much of (for example) the first Act of *A Doll's House* would not merely have sufficient non-verbal quality to interest a deaf person, but would in fact be in unusually high degree intelligible to him, too: how Nora enters with the Christmas parcels, supervises the delivery of the Christmas tree, takes out her purse and tips the porter with obvious show of generosity, secretly helps herself to macaroons from a paper bag which she takes from her pocket, stealthily tiptoes across to one of the doors in the room, listens apprehensively, addresses some shouting remarks to the person within, guiltily stuffs the paper bag in her pocket and wipes her mouth as a man puts his head through the doorway; how she drags him across to show him the parcels, meets his reproachful glances, pouts, tosses her head, wheedles; how she plays romping games with the children, how her attitude visibly changes when a stranger interrupts their games; and so on. Nora's role is composed quite differently from Bernick's, is much less an exercise in declaration, much less enunciative, less dependent on vocal utterance. To a very considerable extent she enacts what she has to communicate.

'It is, however, not until the final moments of *Ghosts* that Ibsen showed how far it was possible to go in reducing the role of speech in the general

¹ Particularly by Daniel Haakonsen, *Henrik Ibsens realisme* (Oslo, 1957).

interdependence of parts. Compared with the verbalistic climax of *Pillars of Society*, compared with the final show-down, the gesturally enriched wrangle, between Nora and Torvald in *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts* reaches its culmination in a situation from which conceptual language has been pared almost clean away, and where ultimately the only gesture is a negation of gesture. The language no longer informs, it marshals; it commands a situation fully realizable only in terms of dramatic production—which may very well explain why, of all Ibsen's plays, it is the one that reads least promisingly, or improves most on being acted. The entire weight of the drama bears down on this one select, refined moment of terror, where words fail and speech has become an idiot's babble and a mother's wounded cry of pain, where gesture has been paralysed by seizure and the torment of excruciating indecision. After the stolid monumentality of *Pillars of Society*, after the daring *bouleversement* of *A Doll's House*, Ibsen built up *Ghosts* to a fateful, final situation, then knocked away the props to leave it desperately balanced on a knife-edge of infinite resolution and of unspeakable distress.'

From THE OXFORD IBSEN, VOL. V: PILLARS OF SOCIETY, A DOLL'S HOUSE, GHOSTS. Translated and edited by J. W. McFarlane. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

A ROYAL REVOLUTIONARY

[Sir Alan Gardiner's *Egypt of the Pharaohs* traces the fortunes of that country from the earliest times down to Alexander the Great, and part of the book's importance lies in its critical approach. No attempt is made to disguise the particularly one-sided nature of our sources and the problems to which they give rise.]

'THE new conception of the sun-god presaged in Rē-Ḥarakhti's extended title was soon to have visual consequences that wrought havoc with long-cherished priestly susceptibilities. For a short time the radical changes about to transform the entire character of Egyptian art could pass practically unnoticed. Rē-Ḥarakhti was still figured as of human shape, but with the head of a falcon surmounted by the solar disk; the young king was still content to be portrayed as of stiff conventional mien. But this conformity with tradition was not destined to last. The royal revolutionary had aesthetic as well as religious ambitions of his own, and quickly imposed new fashions upon the artists of his Court. The winged solar disk of Horus the Beḥdetite which had hitherto presided rigidly over scenes and inscriptions now vanished and was replaced by a golden sun shedding its



A. Akhenaten as family man



B. Akhenaten worships the Aten

LIMESTONE STELAE FROM EL-'AMÂRNA

A plate from Egypt of the Pharaohs

rays beneficently over king and queen, over the altars at which they officiated, and over the pictures of temple and palace. To discard completely every anthropomorphic association was impossible; the rays had to be shown with hands holding . . . the symbols for "life" and for "dominion" or "power", and the kingly nature of the visible celestial body was indicated by the uraeus or cobra that hung from the gleaming circle even as it had always adorned the brow of the Pharaoh. Nowhere is the contrast between the old and the new modes of representation better seen than in the fine tomb of the vizier Raḥmose at Thebes. Here sculptured reliefs of great beauty adorn the larger part of the walls, once explicitly dated to the reign of Amenōphis IV who is portrayed in the old conventional manner. Suddenly there comes a change. On the opposite side of the doorway the very same king and his wife Nefertiti are depicted in the new style, leaning over a balcony under the rays of the Aten to bestow necklets of gold upon their chief magistrate; officials of the royal harem and various servants are in attendance, and the appearance of all these persons is as different from what is seen in the rest of the tomb as can well be imagined. An exaggerated liveliness and a visible emotional intent are conspicuous; a bolder sweep of line and backs bowed lower stress the deference owed to the king; and one can hardly be deceived in the impression that the peculiarities of Akhenaten's own body have been consciously imitated in the shapes given to his subjects. A magnificently drawn scene of foreigners follows, as yet untouched by the sculptor's chisel. After this all is blank; the tomb is unfinished and the subsequent history of Raḥmose unknown. Hand in hand with his disappearance went that of the other great dignitaries of his time; attempts have been made to break the silence of the next few years by deductions from the titles found on their statues and in their inscriptions, but the results have been far too speculative. All that we can safely maintain is that the revolutionary cult and its artistic expression . . . were pushed ahead at Karnak, where they cannot have failed to excite the wrath of the Theban priesthood and their antipathy to Akhenaten and all his works. . . .

"There is an incongruity about the reliefs found upon the El-'Amārna site which will certainly have disgusted the traditionalists. Akhenaten's own portrait was always very much in the centre of the picture, and the manner in which his cartouches are set side by side with those of the Aten show that he was by no means disinclined to claim a share in his divine father's divinity; indeed, one has sometimes the impression that this share approached complete identity. An indication in this direction is the epithet "he who is in the Sed-festival" which became a regular concomitant of the god's titulary; for the Sed-festival or Jubilee was essentially a royal

celebration, and the implication seems to be that the Aten and his god-like son started simultaneously upon a new phase of their common existence. It is significant also that while Akhenaten prayed to the Aten, his subjects just as often prayed to him. On the other hand, the manner in which he advertised his domesticities assorted ill with such lofty pretensions. He is always accompanied in the scenes by his wife Nefertiti and by several of their daughters, of whom there were ultimately six. On one stela a female infant is seen being kissed by the royal father, while a second babe is being dandled upon the queen's knee. Whilst entertaining or being entertained by his mother Tiye Akhenaten is depicted gnawing a large cutlet, while Nefertiti deals similarly with a roasted bird. The king's affection for his spouse and later for his son-in-law are shown without any reticence. How different from the dignified deportment of ancient times, when the utmost degree of familiarity exhibited was an arm stiffly stretching around the spouse's waist!

From EGYPT OF THE PHARAOHS: AN INTRODUCTION. By Sir Alan Gardiner. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.

EDMUND BLUNDEN, C.B.E., Professor of English Literature at the University of Hong Kong, delivered the opening address at a joint exhibition of books published by Hong Kong University Press and O.U.P. on 4 November last. In the course of his amusing and generous description of the Press and its ways he said: 'The House began in or about 1468 as a printing press and has been learning the trade ever since. The Printer to the University, that grandee, each printer in his turn, is constantly varying and renewing the business of making Oxford books delightful to the eye and hand. Their other and inward qualities I need scarcely emphasize. The vitality of such a series as *The World's Classics* alone

comes home to readers of all sorts and in all parts of the world. That is a series for everybody, but of course the O.U.P. is for ever bringing out magnificent specialist works, which few private buyers can afford, alas . . . The policy of the House through its long career was always to publish such books for the few, in the belief that they would pay their way in time. That led to some curious results. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, in 1919, I could have gone to the sales desk of the Press and asked to buy a copy of the Gothic Version of the Holy Gospels with a Latin translation, and so on, which had been published in 1750, and was still on sale at the original price, 30s.'



From Animal Stories



OBITER SCRIPTA

THE deaths of two great Oxford scholars must be sadly recorded here. Sir Richard Livingstone, President of Corpus Christi College from 1933 to 1950 and Vice-Chancellor from 1944 to 1947, died on Boxing Day at the age of 80. Much has been written already of his eminence in the field of classical studies: he had been editor of the *Classical Review*, and President of both the Hellenic Society and the Classical Association. He achieved later eminence in the wider field of education in general. To the Press he is remembered as the author of a group of notable books in which the value of the classics was expounded: *The Greek Genius and its Meaning to Us*, *A Defence of Classical Education*, and *Greek Ideals and Modern Life*; and he edited *The Legacy of Greece* and *The Pageant of Greece*. His pupils became his friends; and those who glimpsed him only from a distance recognized his natural authority and his rare distinction of mind.



THE books that Dr. H. W. Garrod, C.B.E., sometime Professor of Poetry in the University, published through the Press were many, too many to be listed here, and his death on Christmas Day removed a valued friend and adviser. We may remind readers, however, of *The Oxford Book of Latin Verse* and *The Poetical Works of John Keats* in the Oxford English Texts, his books on Coleridge, Collins, and Donne, his masterly introduction to *Wuthering Heights* in The

World's Classics, and his essay on English humour in *The English Character*. In his time he won the Craven, the Hertford, the Gaisford, and the Newdigate; but Garrod the man was greater even than Garrod the poet-scholar, and the warmth and disinterested kindness of this most hospitable of recluses brought him the love of innumerable friends. To those who did not know him, with his dogs, his cigars, and his favourite hat, this may sound like a commonplace; to those who did know him, it can only hint at one of the happiest of memories. One of his last literary tasks was to advise the Press on a selection from *The Life and Times of Anthony à Wood*, another remarkable though much less amiable Mertonian, which is to be published in The World's Classics this spring.



FIVE names to be found in the New Year Honours List may also be found in the O.U.P. catalogue. We offer our congratulations first to three new Knights Bachelor: Professor A. C. B. Lovell, F.R.S., whose published Reith Lectures, *The Individual and the Universe*, are now in their fourth impression (and are just about to achieve the accolade of the paperback); Dr. J. A. Westrup, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; and Professor C. H. M. Waldock, Q.C., Chichele Professor of Public International Law in the University of Oxford. Mr. G. A. Jellicoe, the landscape architect, and Mr. Alan Rawsthorne, the com-

poser, received the C.B.E. Mr. Jellicoe's *Landscape Design* was published last autumn; Mr. Rawsthorne's name has long been prominent in the Music publishing of the Press.



AUTHORS can sometimes be identified in trains and places where newspapers are read by the speed with which they find their way to the book reviews. Nor do publishers show less alacrity, though they are more skilled in assuming an air of mildly amused detachment as they see, with a sinking heart, that Mr. Buttercup's insufficiently rewritten thesis *Jerkins and Thongs of the Early Tudors* (6 gns.) has received a trouncing in the *Times Literary Supplement*. But publishers are hard put to it sometimes to conceal their emotions. Gratification was, we believe, only too evident on our own countenance on finding a glowing notice of an Oxford book in the columns of *The Bookseller*. The book has hitherto been stonily ignored by the critics, and our transparent pleasure was surely justifiable. 'The expert and superlatively accomplished *Oxford Catalogue* (current issue 1959) must remain the model', we read. 'It is the best trade catalogue of our time, simple to use, yet logically and systematically arranged.' Unexpected compliments like this can compensate for the Buttercups on every publisher's list.



THE *ST. LAWRENCE* by William Toye has been chosen to receive the Book of the Year for Children Medal given by the Canadian Association of Children's Librarians. The book, published by Oxford University Press, Toronto, was also designed by the author, and has already been named winner of the Typography 59 Award in Canada for the best-designed trade book of the year. Last

year's Book of the Year for Children Medal also went to an O.U.P. Toronto book, *The Golden Phoenix*, by Marius Barbeau, retold in English by Michael Hornyansky.



OUR cover engraving this spring is the work of Mr. Lynton Lamb, and is the first of four seasonal variations on a country scene near his own Essex village. Mr. Lamb's versatility is notable: he excels as illustrator, painter, typographer, book-binder, and designer of stamps. (The International Philatelic Arts Society has just presented him with a bronze medal for 'the most beautiful stamp in the world': his £1 British stamp first issued in 1955.) But to all these gifts is added that of a lucid and elegant prose style. His own books, *Preparation for Painting* (Oxford), *Country Town* (Eyre and Spottiswoode), and his one book for children, *Cat's Tales* by Lamb (Faber), stylishly demonstrate the ease with which he writes, illustrates, and designs simultaneously. Next autumn we hope to publish his new book, *Drawing for Illustration*, a companion volume to *Preparation for Painting*. It will then be seen, notably in the chapters dealing with the illustrator's relationship with his publisher, that Mr. Lamb also possesses a disconcerting knowledge of publishers.



THE first *Oxford Paperbacks* were published last autumn. Of the twenty-four planned for 1961, the first twelve, announced for April publication, are:

The Old Testament and Modern Study edited by H. H. Rowley; *Byzantium: an Introduction to East Roman Civilization* edited by Norman H. Baynes and H. St. L. B. Moss; *Novels of the Eighteenth Forties* by Kathleen Tillotson; *The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in*

Fifth-century Athens by Sir Alfred Zimmern; *The Study of Goethe* by Barker Fairley; *Mysticism, Sacred and Profane* by R. C. Zaehner; *The Romantic Imagination* by Sir Maurice Bowra; *The Individual and the Universe* by A. C. B. Lovell; *Charles Williams: Selected Writings* edited by Anne Ridler; *The Listener's Guide to Music: with a Concert-Goer's Glossary* by Percy Scholes; *Don Quixote: an Introductory Essay in Psychology* by Salvador de Madariaga; and *The Reformation in England* by Sir Maurice Powicke.



THE DURHAM BOOK, the first draft of the revision of the Book of Common Prayer in 1661, is to be published for the tercentenary at a time when Prayer Book revision is once more a lively issue. Behind the familiar words of the 1662 book lies a long history of drafting and re-drafting. Most of this work was done by Bishops John Cosin and Mathew Wren, and *The Durham Book* is a folio book in which were entered the successive drafts. The annotations make a fascinating study in liturgical technique. Of particular interest to some will be the evident tussles that went on with the printers.

Bishop Wren is forceful in his private list of *Advices*: 'It is needful, that ye Printer be so charged, as not to dare,

1. To add any thing, but what is directed in his Originall Copy . . .'

concluding

- '7. It would also be for the Reverence of this holy book, that he and his fellowes, juttle not so, in naming themselves, in the Title page of it.'

The chaplain, drawing up the final instructions, found a masterly formula for printers: 'Adde nothing. Leave out nothing. Alter nothing.' He set out the Bishop's strictures more formally: 'Sett not your owne Names in ye Title-page, nor elsewhere in ye booke.' And he added an instruction that might be echoed in 1961: 'In all ye Epistles, & Gospels follow ye new translation.'

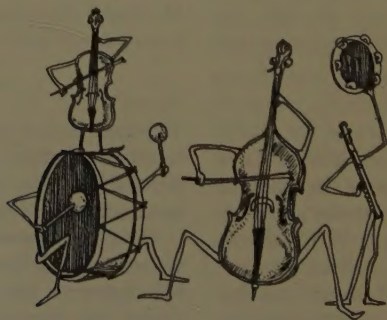
Printers are resolute men. There on the last page stands the colophon:

'Imprinted at London by ROBERT BARKER, Printer to the King's most Excellent Maiestie: And by the Assignes of JOHN BILL Anno 1634.'

And back comes the implacable edict:

'For ROBERT BARKER, Printer read: the Printers

Delete And by . . . BILL.'



One of the many illustrations by William Forrest in the Oxford School Music Books: *Beginners' Series* by Gordon Reynolds

A Selection of New and Forthcoming Books from the Oxford University Press

AFRICA

Africa and World Opinion. By PETER CALVO-DESSI. Paper covers. 6s. net. (Institute of Race Relations.)

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Anganyika and International Trusteeship. By B. T. G. HEDZERO. Illustrated. 38s. net. (Published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.)

History of the Southern Sudan 1839-1889. By THOMAS GRAY. 35s. net.

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Pastoral Democracy. A Study of Pastoralism and Politics among the Northern Somali of the Horn of Africa. By I. M. LEWIS. Illustrated. 45s. net. (International African Institute.)

Fall of Kruger's Republic. By J. S. MARAIS. 35s. net.

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